

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### OUR UNION.

The blood that flowed at Lexington, and crimsoned Lake Champlain,  
Strains still along the Southern Gulf, and by the Lakes of Maine;

It flows in veins that swell above Pacific's golden sand,  
And throbs in hearts that love and grieve by dark Atlantic's strand.

It bids in one vast brotherhood, the trapper of the West,  
With men whose cities glaze themselves in Erie's classic breast;

And those to whom September brings the fabled social hours,  
With those who are December's bow enwreathed with givings flowers.

From where Columbia laughs to greet the smiling Western wave,  
To where Potomac sighs beside the patriot hero's grave;

And from the streaming overglades to Homer's fertile flood,  
The glory of a nation's past thrills through a kindred blood.

Wherever Arnold's tale is told, it dyes the clock with shame,  
And glows with pride o'er Bunker Hill, or Mead's wild-rose flame;

And wherever above the fray the stars of empire gleam,  
Upon the deck or o'er the dust it pours a common stream.

It is a sacred legacy we never can divide,  
Nor take from village weaver, nor the son of city pride;

Nor the hunter's white-haired children, who find a fruitful home,  
Where countless lakes are sparkling, and where lonely rivers roam!

Graves drew his sword at Gettysburg, and bleeding Southern feet  
Trod the march across the Delaware, amid the snow and sleet;

And let open the parchment where the great record shines,  
The burning page of Jefferson bears Franklin's calmer lines!

Could ye divide that record bright, and tear the names apart,  
That erst were written boldly there, with pledge of hand and heart?

Could ye erase a Hancock's name, or with the sailor's edge,  
Or wash out with fraternal blood, a CARROLL'S double pledge?

Ray, on the South call out her share in Bunker's heroic fight!  
Or on the North give up her boast of Yorktown's closing fight!

Can ye divide with equal hand, a heritage of glory,  
Or read in twin the story that o'er them grows so proudly?

Can ye not let for Vernon's soil, or Chaffin's mid the gloom  
That hangs its solemn folds about your common Father's tomb?

Or could ye meet around his grave, as fratricidal foes,  
And wake your burning curses o'er his pure and calm repose?

Ye dare not! Is the Alleghenian thunderclap decreed:  
"To school waves Nevada guards the blue and tranquil sea?"

Where tropic waves delighted clasp our flowery Southern shore,  
And where through frowning mountain-gates, Nebraska's waters roar!

## Miscellaneous.

### STEALING WATER-MELONS.

A man in a country town took great pleasure in having a neat garden. He had all kinds of vegetables and fruits earlier than his neighbors.

But thieving boys in the neighborhood annoyed him; damaged his trees, trampled down his flowers, and hooked his choice fruits. He tried various ways to protect his grounds and his watch dogs were poisoned; and his set traps caught nothing but his best fowls and most favorite cat.

One afternoon however just as night fell, he overheard a couple of mischievous boys talking together, when one of them said:

"What do you say, Joe? Shall we come the grab game over old Swipes on them water-melons to-night? Old Swipes will be moaning like ten men before twelve o'clock."

The other objected because there was a high wall to get over.

"Oh pahaw!" was the reply; "I know a place where we can get over just as easy—know it like a book. Come Joe, let's go."

The owner of the patch didn't like the idea of being overpowered; but the conversation so intimately concerned his melons which he had taken so much pains to raise, that he kept still and listened to the plans of the young scoundrels so that he might make it somewhat both-ersome for them.

Ned proposed to get over the wall on the north side of the house by the great tree, and cut right across to the summer house, just north of which were the melons.

Now hear the owner's story.

"I made all the necessary preparations for the visit; put in brandy pretty thick in the scumpling along the wall where they intended to get over; uncovered a large water-vat that had been filled for some time from water my garden; dug a trench a foot deep or so and placed slender boards over it which were slightly covered with dirt, and just beyond them some little cords fastened tightly, some eight inches from the ground. I picked all the melons I cared to preserve, leaving pumpkins and squashes about the same size and shape of melons, in their places.

The boys were quite right in supposing it would be dark; but they missed a little in inferring that "Old Swipes" as they call him would be in bed." The old man liked a little fun as well as they did, and when they came near his hiding place he listened:

"What Joe! don't you hear something?"

"I think it was very probable they did, for hardly were the words uttered than there came a forcible tearing of fustian."

"Get off my coat tail!" whispered Joe.

"There goes one flap, sure as a gun! Why got off Ned?"

And off Ned was, and one leg of his breeches beside, and then he was sh-ing and sh-ing, and telling Joe that he believed there were nails in the side of the wall, for something had scratched him tremendously, and torn his breeches all to pieces.

Joe sympathized with him, for he said half his coat tail was up there somewhere.

They now started hand in hand, for Ned believed "he knew the way." They had arrived a little beyond the trees, when something went swish into the water vat.

A merriment ensued, then the exclamation: "Thunder! that water smells rather old."

Ned wanted to go home, but Joe was too much excited to listen a moment to such a proposition.

"Never heard anything about that cistern before; the old fellow must have fixed it on purpose to drown people in. Curious, though, that we should both fall into it."

They pushed on again for the melons. Presently they were caught by the cords, and headlong they went into a heap of briars and thistles which had been placed there for their express accommodation.

"Such a getting up stairs," muttered one.

"Nettles and thistles! how they prick," exclaimed the other.

They now determined to go more cautiously. At length they arrived at the patch.

"How thick they are," exclaimed Joe. Come here. There's more than a dozen fat ones right here."

And down they sat right in the midst of them, and seemed to conclude that they were amply rewarded for all their mishaps.

"Here Joe," said Ned; "take this melon; isn't it a rouser? Blush into it."

"It's tremendous hard, Ned. Ned, it's a squash!"

"No it isn't; it's a new kind. Old Swipes sent to Rhode Island for the seed last spring."

"Well, all I've got to say, is the old fellow got sucked in—that is just all."

"I'm going to gouge into this water-melon; hallo! there goes a half dollar; I've broke my knife. If I didn't know that was a water-melon, I should say it was a pumpkin. Fact, I believe it is a pumpkin."

What the boys did besides, while the owner went to the stable and unmuzzled the dogs, and led them into the garden, he couldn't say; that they took long steps the onion and flower bed revealed in the morning. They had paid pretty severely for the whistle; they had not tasted a single water-melon, they had got scratched; had torn their clothes, were as wet as drowned rats, and half scared out of their wits at the ravenous dogs, and the apprehension of being discovered.

The next night the owner of the melon patch invited all the boys of the village, including Ned and Joe, to a feast of melons. The circumstance changed the boys' opinion of old Swipes and his melons were never disturbed again.

### Kansas Humbuggery.

Many persons east of the Mississippi have got a notion that there are no persons in Kansas, worthy to be relied upon, none of talent or of business capacity, but a few of the ultra Free State leaders; in their estimation Gov. Robinson, Fomero, Eldridge, Lane & Co., represent the entire people of Kansas. What they do or say is regarded as law and gospel; they are deemed such pure and unspiced patriots, that their every move is considered actuated by motive for the benefit and advancement of the cause of freedom in the Territory.

If they start towns and need assistance to build up a speculation, they go eastward and make known how greatly the interests of free Kansas will be promoted, by the prosperity and success of said place. Should their pockets be so unfortunate as to collapse, they raise the cry of famine, and wait out their mournful dirge of evils untold; the sympathetic bosoms of eastern capitalists soon swell with unrestrained grief, and lo! the howl arises of bleeding Kansas; the pulpits resound with wrongs unheard of before, the papers take up the note, and flaming editorials depict in glowing colors, the sorrows of our would-be martyrs; and all Yankee-doodle rounds with silvery ring of contribution boxes, and the friends of freedom are melted in thousands of dollars, all for the benefit of a few shrewd speculators in Kansas Free State towns.

After grading their streets, building their levees, constructing many of their houses, and filling their bellies out of the funds gleaned from eastern verandah, they find their well-laid scheme of money making, by means of their town, about to fall to the ground, from the superior natural advantages and greater quality of other points, they then conclude to build a railroad. Having come to this conclusion, their chief work, or some of the head seignors, is posted off to raise an excitement and get assistance: soon the newspapers tell us how greatly a Railroad to Rock Cliff, will tend to settle the question as to whether Kansas will be a free State or no; its advantages of investment are painted in bright colors, for the benefit of capitalists; as an inducement to subscribe to the stock, monied men are assured that all free State men are so bitterly opposed to their opponents, that they will with delight patronize any road owned by their own friends of the free States; the business capacities of the embryo road are proven, (1) the importance of Rock Cliff, and its advantage laid down as an axiom, and their route is shown to be the shortest, thus proving what all know, that two sides of any triangle are less than the third.—*Exposed Advertiser.*

DEATH OF HON. H. L. TURNER.—The Nashville Union announces the sudden death, by disease of the heart, of Hon. Hopkins L. Turner. He had started to walk from his office, in Winchester, to his residence near the town, and died before reaching it. Mr. Turner has been a member of both Houses of the Tennessee Legislature, was many years a Representative in Congress, and for one term represented the State in the United States Senate.

WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAYS OF GOV. WALKER.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing on the 9th, says: "The President openly expresses disapprobation at Walker's insubordinate speech, but says that he must be supported. There will be some six or eight anti-Walker Senators, but the President declares that the people of Kansas shall vote on the Constitution, whatever may be the consequences."

### From the Lawrence Republicans.

#### The Progress of Villainy.

We republish the appointment of Councilmen and Representatives for the next Territorial Legislature.

This appointment, as will be seen, is the work of William G. Matthias, Speaker of the last House of Representatives, and Thomas Johnson, President of the Bogus Council.

The excuse of the Governor, as given by his Legation organ, for not making the appropriation as directed by law is his ignorance of the "statutes" which he had sworn to support. A pretty excuse, truly, for a Governor, and that Governor Robert J. Walker, to make! He marches upon the peaceful city of Lawrence with a regiment of dragoons, because the people of Lawrence have done something which, by a stretch of gubernatorial imagination, conflicts with these bogus statutes, and yet he himself in a matter most seriously affecting the rights of every man in Kansas, pleads ignorance of these same enactments! But to the appointment itself.

We thought Stanton's appointment of members to the Bogus Constitutional Convention about as miserable a piece of business as a Democratic official ever took in hand, but this appointment casts his completely into the shade.

We will take the Council first. And on this appointment for the Council observe:

I. That it is so arranged that every member of the Council except one is to be voted for in a portion of Kansas bordering on Missouri! Leavenworth is a border county, and has three Councilmen. Atchison, another border county, forms the second district, and has one. The third and fourth districts are combined and have three Councilmen. This associates Doniphan, a border county, with "Brown, Nemaha, Marshall, Pottawatomie, Riley, and all that part of the Territory of Kansas which lies west of Marshall, Riley and Davis Counties," lying in the interior. Johnson, a border county, is joined with Douglas, lying directly west of it, and forms the sixth district having three Councilmen. The seventh, eighth and ninth districts are combined and have two Councilmen. This joins Bourbon and McGee, both border counties, with some sixteen interior counties. The tenth and final district has one Councilman, and is composed of Lykins and Linn Counties, both border counties, associated with a large extent of interior Territory. The object of this arrangement is apparent at a glance. It is to give Missouri the best facilities imaginable for controlling the election. All that she has to do is to repeat her game and pour over invading hordes into the border counties, and the work is done. For instance, this county, Douglas, having a preponderance of Free State men ten to one, is joined to Johnson County lying on the border. The two counties together, form a district; and the district, not the separate counties, has three Councilmen. Now to carry this district, it is only necessary that Missourians enough should come over into Johnson County to overbalance the vote cast by Douglas county, and the work is done.

So take Doniphan, Brown, Nemaha, Marshall, Pottawatomie, Riley Counties, etc., having to vote two Councilmen; and here again, it is only necessary that enough invaders cross the river and vote in Doniphan County to overbalance the rest, and thus carry that district. And in a similar manner twelve out of the thirteen members of the Council, may be carried by the Missourians without invading any but the border counties. It will be much more convenient for them than it was at the election of March, 1855. They need not visit the interior at all. It can all be done on the border. That such was the intention of those who made this infamous districting is clearly apparent.

II. It should be especially noted that twenty-two counties, or the whole of Kansas lying south of the Kaw river, excepting only Douglas and Jackson Counties, have apportioned to them only three members of the Council! These counties, embrace such overwhelming Free State strongholds as Topeka, the whole of the Neosho valley, Anderson County, etc.; indeed the Free State sentiment, as every one knows, is high and unanimous in this whole southern section of Kansas. Of course, it would not do to give them any fair representation. Accordingly, they are disfranchised, or what amounts to the same thing: Some of these counties have over a thousand voters; and, in fact, according to the census just completed, nearly one-half of all the inhabitants of Kansas live in this portion which is summarily cut off with but three members of the Council.

We venture to say that a similar act of injustice and fraud, if practiced in any one of the States, would cause a revolution within its borders in less than two months. But the people of Kansas are expected to endure everything without a murmur. Tyranny, if only labelled "Democratic," is to be submitted to without a word.

The rule of a wise monarch would be infinitely preferable to this harassing despotism forced upon us at the point of the bayonet, and exulting to call itself "Democracy!"

But we turn from the apportionment for the Council to that for the House of Representatives. And here, again, the most astonishing evidence of fraud meet us.

Of the thirty-nine members of the House, twenty-nine are assigned, as in the case of the Council, to districts jutting up to the Missouri border.

Leavenworth County has 8; Atchison 3; Doniphan 6; each of these is a border county—Douglas is again joined to Johnson—a border county; and the two, forming a single district have eight members. Some seventeen interior counties are associated with Bourbon and McGee—border counties—and have three members. Linn, a border county, has two; Lykins, another border county, has also two. Thus, as we have before said, twenty-nine out of the thirty-nine members are apportioned so as to be conveniently accessible to fraudulent votes along the Missouri border. No man can doubt that such was the deliberate intention of those thus districting the Territory.

But in the Tenth Representative District, there is a most shameful piece of villainy. That

district is composed of Douglas and Johnson Counties; but fearful, it seems, that the Free State sentiment of Douglas County, embracing Lawrence and other staunch Free State districts, might prove too much for Johnson County, even though over-run by borderers from Missouri—an unheard-of piece of gerrymandering is resorted to, and Douglas and Johnson Counties are tied on to "all that part of the Territory of Kansas lying west of the counties of Wise, Butler and Hunter"—a region of country where there are no counties, no county officers, nothing but Indians and a few Missouri trading posts!

Now, why is it that Douglas and Johnson Counties are thus united to a wild buffalo range, one hundred miles away from them, to form a single Representative district. If there are a few straggling settlers away off there toward the Rocky Mountains, why not join them to some of the western counties of Kansas? Why jump clear across the Territory and stick them on to a district on the eastern border? Ah, the cloven foot of fraud is here too plainly visible. The intention is, to bring in just such returns from this Rocky Mountain region as may be necessary to overcome whatever Free State majority the rest of the district may cast. Thus, if Douglas and Johnson should give one hundred Free State majority, a return will be made up at Leavenworth from some imaginary precinct away off in that farcical territory, just overbalancing the one hundred Free State majority, and giving the eight members to the Pro-Slavery faction.

These districts were framed by the late bogus Territorial Legislature. The apportionment has been made out on the basis of the bogus census, so that, in reality, those fifteen counties where no census was taken have no representation in the Legislature. They are completely disfranchised. This accounts for more than twenty counties having only three members of the Council. The census was undoubtedly purposely omitted, with a direct reference to the disfranchising of these counties, in allowing them no representation in the Legislature.

The people of Kansas may as well understand first as last that this infamous usurpation which has been fastened upon them, has not in the least degree become modified. Its clutch upon the people's throats is as force to-day as ever. How long shall these things be?

KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE FOR EASTERN JOURNALS.—Journalistic correspondence some years since, was so thoroughly systematized at Washington, that public men seeking fame found it necessary to concoct these manufacturers of public opinion, in order to secure the object of their ambition. It was not necessary that the aspirant should have real merit in order to secure their endorsement, nor were absolute imperfections necessary to bring the letter writers down upon him. Corruption and black mail underlay the whole structure. Very few men wrote with a view to the dissemination of truth. Party aggrandizement frequently required misrepresentation, and money stimulated to the effort.

A similar state of facts exists in Kansas with regard to newspaper correspondence. Very few of the multitude of "our correspondents," now in Kansas, content themselves, with an impartial recital of events. The object does not seem to be to afford accurate information to eastern readers of the actual state of things; but every demonstration which takes place, and many imaginative ones, are heralded as an outrage or "glorious demonstration" by one set of writers, and vice versa by another. It is amusing, to a resident of Kansas, well acquainted with the Territory and its people; to pick up eastern journals, and see the difference of statements as to a single transaction, and the wide departure of both from the truth. We have been much amused at different versions of an actual occurrence presented by two prominent New York journals. One of them contained a letter eulogizing Gov. Walker, at least one-half of which was absolute falsehood. The other undertook to "write him down," and it contained about the same proportion of fiction. Each contained about enough truth to swear by; and both seemed to be written to show that an immense amount of trouble was about being inaugurated. Indeed, if implicit reliance were placed upon the representations of the correspondents in his behalf, no quiet man would have emigrated to the Territory for the past six months.

Now, we are willing, without a murmur, to accord to every one the privilege of writing whatever may suit his taste, and having the same published in any paper to which he may be able to find access. But we do protest against the persistent efforts of "our," and "special correspondents" to create the impression in the minds of eastern readers, that we are always on the eve of some tremendous outbreak—some hostile demonstration from some source, or other—that the settlers always sleep upon their arms, and everybody is on the qui vive for a descent from some quarter or the other. Such is the burden of Kansas correspondence, and the legitimate effect is to keep away from the Territory the very best class of emigration.

For the past eight months, Kansas has been as quiet and orderly, as any other Territory in the Union. No matter what brought about this state of things, suffice it that it exists. Certainly the best way to preserve it, is not to create in the minds of emigration, the impression that it cannot and will not continue so.

We have no personal plea to gratify in this speaking of correspondents. They have treated us with uniform kindness, for which we are duly thankful. But we do hope they will entirely lay aside their "tempest-in-a-teapot" proclivities, and give their eastern readers asked facts, and facts alone. If they have friends who are hungry for fame, they should endeavor to secure the good wishes of such friends in some other manner, than by the sacrifice of the material interests of the Territory.—*Lawrence Republican.*

The National Intelligencer, in an article urging the revival of the Whig party, says: "No one sincerely attached to the principles of Clay and Webster, can consistently subscribe to the principles of the Democratic party."

### LONG AGO.

The world will never grow weary (says the editor of the House Chronicle) of the delicious address suggested by the thought of "Long Ago." Its low, sweet tones are generally the first music stricken in the poet's soul. It has been clothed in all styles, from the imitative crape veil and funeral dirge of "In Memoriam," to the imperishable home-appeal of "Auld Lang Syne" in the velvet cope of Goethe, the simple garb of Wordsworth, the froth and feathers of Tom Moore, the flashing jewelry of Byron, the exquisite embroidery of Longfellow, "the silver, sad, uncurled" cloak of Poe, and the many-colored story of a thousand and a half years. We find it without a name, in the following neat bits:

When at eve I sit alone,  
Thinking on the past and gone—  
While the clock, with dreary finger,  
Marks how long the minutes linger,  
And the sun, dimly burning,  
Tells of life to dust returning—  
Then my fancy's choir around,  
With a quick and mournful sound,  
With a murmur soft and low,  
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago!

Once by one I count them o'er,  
Voices that are heard no more;  
Tears that loving cheeks have wet;  
Words, whose music lingers yet;  
Holy faces, pale and fair;  
Shadowy looks of waving hair;  
Happy sighs and whispers dear;  
Sorrow forgotten many a year;  
Life of dreary toilsome years;  
Brighter, than the stars of years;  
Odds breathe from Paradise.

And the gentle shadows glide,  
Softly murmuring at my side,  
Till the long, unquiet night,  
All forgotten, fades away—  
Then, when I am all alone,  
Dreaming o'er the Past and Gone,  
All around me, and so low,  
Come the Ghosts of Long Ago.

A WEE BIT OF HISTORY.—At a night session of the Territorial Legislature, August 30, 1855, Mr. Anderson, of the House, offered the following resolutions, and resolution, which passed the several readings, under a suspension of the rules, and was unanimously agreed to. It was also adopted by the Council, and thus became the law of the Territory, having passed through all the legal forms:

"WHEREAS, The signs of the times indicate that a measure is now on foot, fraught with more danger to the interest of the pro-slavery party and to the Union, than any which has been agitated, to-wit: The proposition to organize a National Democratic party; and

"WHEREAS, Some of our friends have been misled by it; and

"WHEREAS, The result will be to divide pro-slavery Whigs from Democrats, thus weakening our party one-half; and

"WHEREAS, We believe that on the success of our party depends the perpetuity of the Union; therefore

Be it Resolved, By the House of Representatives, the Council concurring therein, that it is the duty of the pro-slavery party, Union loving men of Kansas Territory, to know but one issue, slavery, and that any party making or attempting to make any other, is and should be held as an ally of Abolitionism and Disunionism."

It is well to observe that the above preamble and resolution was not adopted in a caucus of the members of the Legislature, but was the official action of that body, and is found spread upon the House Records for 1855, page 380.—*Herald of Freedom.*

ANOTHER LOOPHOLE FOR MRS. CUNNINGHAM.—Law is one of the exact sciences, and requires mathematical certitude in each of the steps of a proceeding before it imposes a disqualification or a penalty. Mrs. Cunningham, by the hasty proceeding of the district attorney, has not only the advantage which is supposed to arise from not having fully consummated the crime which she had intended, but she has also a chance of escape through another loophole, left open by the premature proceeding. It is contended by the legal profession that Mrs. Cunningham would not come within the statute against palming off a supposition her property, unless it is decided in the Surrogate's Court, that she actually is the wife of Dr. Burdell. In the words of the statute it is essential to the crime, that the child fraudulently produced, should be produced "as the child of parents, whose child would be entitled to inherit." If Mrs. Cunningham was not married to Dr. Burdell, the child produced, supposing it to have been her own, could not legitimately be the heir of the deceased, and therefore the personation does not fall within the terms of the statute, which calls for the personation of an infant born of parents whose child would be entitled to inherit.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

TITUS BACK AGAIN.—The notorious Titus has again returned to Kansas. He passed through this place one day last week. While the express was changing teams, quite a crowd gathered round. Among them was a young man, whom Titus had as a prisoner during the troubles last year, and whom he had grossly abused, tying his hands together so tightly, that the cord which bound them sunk into the flesh, and leaving him in that condition until his hands were freed. While Titus was telling how much he had done and suffered in Nicaragua, the young man stepped up before him, and looking him in the eye, said: "Did any body tie you up, sir?" The ruffian quailed and turned away, and soon left. The return of such creatures, looks so good to Kansas. We are informed that Titus boasts that South Carolina will send five hundred men here to vote this fall. They may find Kansas a very unhealthy region for them this fall.—*Lawrence Republican.*

ST. JOSEPH, DONIPHAN, AND TYPICKA RAILROAD.—The great enterprise of running a Railroad from St. Joseph to Doniphan and Topeka, is moving ahead with all the speed it possibly can. The Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad Company are interested in its construction, the welfare and prosperity of the city of St. Joseph, depend upon the completion of this road—the whole of this county will be enhanced in value when this road is made. It will traverse more of the Territory, and be of greater benefit to the people of Kansas, than any project now on foot.—*Constitutionalist.*

### South-East Kansas.

In the extreme South-Eastern portion of Kansas there is to be found more attractive scenes than any that has yet been described by any traveler. A friend who has just returned from a visit in those parts, says the general characteristic of the country thereabouts are entirely different from any other portion of the Territory as far as explored. The surface and soil as well as the water courses are similar in character to those of the adjacent district in Missouri, and the existence of lead in large quantities will not be questioned, if but a superficial examination shall be made. Certainly no region is better watered. Spring river and Shoal creek, would be called beautiful by all, even though familiar with the mountain streams of New York and Pennsylvania. The general character of the soil is thin and gravelly, on the higher ground near the streams, but further back and along the bottoms none better for agriculture can be found. The great highway, known as "the Military road," and leading from Fort Leavenworth in Kansas to Fort Gibson on Grand river is the Cherokee nation, crosses Spring river at its junction with Shoal creek, and here at the hospitable Rogers' mansion the traveler will always find a hearty welcome and most comfortable accommodations. He will hear from Urs Rogers the hostess, an interesting account of events that have transpired in and between our own and the Cherokee nations, in both of which she feels much interest, by reason of having friends and relations in both. The part of Kansas, extending fifty miles north and south by twenty-five miles, is claimed by the Cherokees, and has never been settled by any extent by white men or Indians. A few of our own people who have (either before or since their removal from the States) inter-married with the Cherokees, have selected the best localities and lead the easy sort of life incident to that region, raising cattle, horses and mules; and are cultivating the soil to a moderate extent. If the traveler will follow the valley of Shoal creek toward its source, far as the "Grand Falls" to Missouri, he will be amply repaid with a view of scenery beautiful in itself and altogether different from that to be found in any other part of Kansas.

To the stock raisers there can be no more desirable location than on Spring, Neosho or Verdigris rivers, near the southern boundary line, the wild rye and other grasses growing along the bottoms thereof furnishing food for cattle at all seasons, thus saving a vast deal of labor to the owner. The only drawback to the rapid settlement of Eastern Kansas is the Cherokee claim which is likely to be adjusted in the course of a few months. In a few instances persons who produce evidence of their good intention have been permitted to settle on the Cherokee lands in Kansas which have so long been unproductive of profit to either nation.

Adjoining the Cherokee land and running westward from the Neosho is the country belonging to the Osage Nation which is also likely to be brought into market at an early day by common consent of both nations.

For some years this Southern part of Kansas will be better suited for stock raising than agriculture, owing to its remoteness from the Missouri river and Pacific Railroad, but for the present good investments can be made in the western counties of Missouri where land will be soon increased in value, when the S. W. Branch shall approach that region, and the lead mines become more fully developed.

Thousands of acres can at any time be had at prices varying from one to three dollars per acre, without the annoyance and danger of attending public sales of Indian reservations, where politicians are so prone to intrude themselves and create excitement by their efforts toward their individual glorification.—*Kansas Free State.*

KANSAS LOST.—It seems to be generally conceded, says the Camden Journal, that Kansas is, or will be lost to the South, and that all the sacrifice of blood and treasure so freely expended, in the hope of making her rich valleys and plains tributary to Southern prosperity and equality in the Union, has proven hopelessly abortive. Why is this so? Who is to blame for this sudden and disastrous turn in the fortunes and affairs of the South? Nobody of course. Who placed Walker at the head of affairs in Kansas, at a time, when, above all others, unwavering fidelity to the Constitution and the rights of the South required a man who was not only equal to the emergency, but who had political honesty, enough to do what was right, regardless of consequences? The President, James Buchanan, Esq., the nominee and successful candidate of the Democratic party, is responsible, chiefly, for all the mischief which his man Walker has done, or may do, in Kansas.

The above we clip from the Columbia (S. C.) Times, and give it as a specimen of Southern sentiment upon the affairs of Kansas, as expressed in a major portion of their press.

SECRETARY DORRIS.—The incident to which the Hon. James C. Dobbin owed his Cabinet appointment, is thus given in an exchange paper:

"He was in the Baltimore Convention, and was the instrument of Gov. Pierce's nomination. On the 4th ballot, Pierce had 55 votes, the largest number he had received. The 49th count, however, and twelve States voted with but slight changes from the previous ballot. Then, as the State of North Carolina was called, Mr. Dobbin arose, and in a timely speech announced that his delegation cast their votes for Franklin Pierce, which fact at once secured the nomination for the latter gentleman."

MORE DEAD COME TO LIFE.—Captain Brown, who according to the Kansas letter writers, last fall, was brutally murdered by "border ruffians," at Oswatimie, is out in a letter declaring that he is alive. He also states that twenty-seven others murdered at the same time with himself, are not only alive, but are doing well.—*Philadelphia Argus.*

It is said that the Fremont and Dayton flag, set at Stockbridge, New York, during last Fall's campaign, has been hung up this Spring, in a corn field, as a "scare-crow!"

Freedom Shriekers!—The Freedom of the Press Denied!—Lane's Rag-Muffin Crew!—"The Constitutionalist, its Editor and Workmen to be sunk in the Bottom of Hell!"—Printing Office to be Mobbed!—Villainy Reigns!

Just after the Constitutionalist had been circulated through town, on last week, two gentlemen (\*) with others to back them, came to the printing office and required for the editor; they were informed by the journeyman that he was in town. These two specimens of the Black Republican party, then made known their mission, by declaring that the "Constitutionalist contained several damn lies on Jim Lane, and it had to be stopped." They announced that they were "not alone, but that they had been sent and were backed in the matter." They came as Jim Lane directs, "with war in their hearts, and arms in their bosoms." They became quite wrathful, and declared that "if any more articles appeared in this paper, that they knew to be damn lies, they would sink it and all connected with it into the bottom of hell."

After talking like they were lords of all mankind, they left the office. Shortly after dark, a crowd of these scamps made preparations to proceed to the printing office to throw it into the river. They were, however, stopped by some of the sensible and moderate Republicans, who forewarned them not to attempt the destruction of the office. Our readers will remember that about twelve months since Jim Lane came into the territory with an army gathered up in the northern cities, the very offshoots of those cities, composed of loafers and black-legs. As soon as they reached the territory they commenced stealing horses, the destruction of property, and the lowest deeds of villainy. That this army was filled with thieves and rascals, we can prove from Black Republican witnesses now living in Brown County, and numbers of them are now there, and honest men of the Republican party are now in fear of losing their property by these things.

Numbers of these scamp-graces have found their way